

# The Rise of the Mummy Queen

## Part 1

### Chapter 1

*The word had spread like wildfire through the Southern Kingdom. Not a day after her father had passed, dread and fear gripped her people as their land stood against a terror unlike any they had seen. She remembered that day, saw it clearly in her mind's eye just as she saw the desert around her.*

*"They have fallen!" The scout burst through the door of her palace. Tattered and red in face from exhaustion. "The Kingdom of Iron has fallen..."*

*He finished with half a breath and so, the whole of the Kingdom of Spices knew they were next on the path of the demon army. The succubus queen Ardat Emili was coming for them.*

*Not a day later her uncle started mustering forces, sending them to the northern border, right after he had deposed her. Sending Femi on the run from her own family.*

*Now, she traveled the southern deserts of her kingdom with a handful of remaining friends, living off of charity of others... desperately hoping to return home one day as queen.*

"My queen." Began Benu, her friend since childhood. "Addo says there is water not a mile to the west. We should follow his word and make camp there. Our reserves are short and the day draws to a close."

Femi nodded politely to her friend, watching her depart to relay her orders. Benu was shorter than most girls, but seldom did Femi see one as strong as her. Muscly built, with strong arms and legs, even compared to most men she knew. Those looks had prompted some from the palace to make fun of her, but Femi loved her for it. They had grown up together in the palace and she could still hear little Benu screaming through the palace, attacking the guards or anyone she saw as an enemy with her toy sword.

On the day of her uncle's betrayal, she used a real sword and all of those years of training, Benu used to get her out alive from the capital.

By dusk they had seen the oasis in the distance, though not before Addo, a large man from the southern parts of the realm, a man as black as coal, reported that he saw a corpse not half a mile in front of them.

Bennu nodded to him as she drew her blade, though Femi could swear she saw a warm smile pass between the two. Even maybe a blush or two.

“Do we know what has happened to him?” Asked Nadia as she heard of the news.

“No. I find it best that we discover when we all arrive.” Bennu told her. Nadia had a look of someone that would rather know ahead of time why there was a corpse in their path but learned how to stay silent.

She, unlike Bennu, was a bombshell. Even Femi looked at her with envy from time to time. While Bennu wore armor most days, Nadia wore extremely revealing clothing of silk and lace, that barely covered her assets. Whenever they would stop and ask for help, Femi was sure that half the time people accepted her, helped her, because of Nadia’s looks and silky words, not out of loyalty to her.

But the queen did not bring her along because of her looks. Nadia was also the most brilliant person Femi had ever met. Her smarts were famed even in the palace, which is why her father had Nadia tutor Femi. At first, there was some animosity between the two girls, as Nadia wanted to serve her uncle. Still, over time the two grew close and even became friends.

She always rode next to her queen as well, eager to bestow advice and wisdom in any situation that was needed... and sometimes when it wasn’t.

Finally, the party arrived at the place where Addo had said the corpse was. Indeed, he *was* right about the corpse... yet there was something utterly strange about it.

“Addo, you cannot even find a normal corpse in a desert I swear.” His twin brother said with a laugh.

“Zuri, you can go fuck yourself.” Addo said with a grin, his white teeth shining in contrast to his dark skin.

Nadia was first to get off her horse, followed by Bennu while Addo and Zuri stood guard.

Femi looked at them demurely, fascinated by both. Bennu, a warrior woman of muscle and hard bronze skin, Nadia, a pure contrast of cinnamon skin and milky, curvy features that made even the most stoic drool.

“My queen... it... it truly is a husk.” Said Bennu as she scratched her chin. The body was facing down, in the sand, clad in heavy plated armor.

“How can that be?” Nadia asked both Bennu and no one in particular. “He’s clearly from the Iron Kingdom, the heavy armor and his skin tone confirm as much. Yet, he looks as drained as those of the royal tomb.”

Bennu, inspecting the husk, turned it upon its back, only to find a chest protruding out of the sand, right beneath the corpse.

“That’s not ominous.” Chimed Femi playfully as her two retainers shot her a dry look, which of course only made Femi giggle. The twins joined in the laughter as well.

“We should leave it, things of the desert should be left well alone.” Nadia said, her honeyed voice almost making Femi agree on the spot, but her curiosity got the better of her.

“Nadia.” She began warmly. “I truly need every asset I can get my hands on. If some long forgotten magic can help me, I will risk it.”

“Even if it is long forgotten *black* magic?” Bennu asked with concern.

“If it’s anything dangerous I swear we will get rid of it. I want to get my kingdom back, not lose myself in the process.” Femi’s words seemed to calm her two retainers down, though trepidation still colored their faces.

“Fine.” Bennu said as Nadia gave her a look, before nodding in a reserved manner.

By dark fall, they had set up camp, as the cold winds of the desert set in. By dawn, they would be forever changed.

## Chapter 2

“Well... this is not what I was expecting.” Bennu said. Though disappointed, she clearly sounded relieved as well. “I can’t say that I’m sorry it’s not dark magic but I did expect more than an... old armor.”

“Told you we should have left it behind.”

Nadia said, scoffed in irritation, and left the tent.

“Have fun with the spoils my queen. Zuri shall be outside the tent.” Bennu added with a warm smile, before leaving. She and Addo exchanged blushing glances as they made their way through the night and into their own tent.

“You may leave me as well, Zuri.” Nadio told him gently as she followed Bennu and Addo with her eye, glad that her two friends had so much between them.

Zuri nodded and left the tent. She saw him sit next to the fire, spear in hand as he stood guard.

Femi crossed her arms beneath her breasts and peered into the open chest. A logbook, a few arrow heads and a clunky looking piece of old armor. There was nothing else inside. No hidden bottom, no spells... nothing.

The queen pouted as she looked at the armor.

“And it’s not even fashionable.” She said under her breath. Picking the armor up from the chest, she gave it a look in full. Leather straps and mail plating, something a thief would wear though too clunky for even that maybe.

Standing opposite of the mirror she looked at herself, in her royal milky white garb of silks and gold. Placing the armor in front of her made her look like a common thug. A pretty thug, but a thug none the less.

“Looks like those worn pieces of armor that father never allowed me to try on when I was a child.” She muttered to herself as an idea flashed in her head. “Well... I am a child no longer.”

Femi added with a mischievous smile and started undressing.

She was beautiful.

*Not as beautiful as Nadia... but still...*

Femi thought to herself as she looked at her naked body in the mirror. A mixture of olive and cinnamon with gentle curves and soft cheekbones, eyes to fall in love with and a dark violet bob cut trimmed by the greatest stylists of the southern Kingdom of Spices.

She smiled confidently to herself as she got into the dreadful armor from the chest.

And... it looked as ridiculous as she thought it would. First off, it was far too big for her with most of the straps hanging loosely from her sides while the sleeves hung from her arms.

“I look like a toddler that doesn’t know how to dress.” She said to herself sheepishly and giggled. “If the others saw me like this there would be no end to ridicule.”

Femi peered out of the tent, biting her lip and still wearing the funny armor. She saw Zuri leaning against his spear as he was trying not to fall asleep. Nadia was fast asleep next to him, close to the fire, looking as beautiful as ever. Opposite of her tent she saw shadows playing, those of Bennu and Addo. She felt her heart flutter from pure happiness that her two best friends, her oldest friends, had found love in one another.

She smiled again and whipped a tear from her eye.

“Child no longer...” She chastised herself through a smile. “Here I am wearing armored slacks that are far too big for me, whilst crying over love. Oh! Father if you could see me now!”

She thought fondly of him before standing in front of a mirror ready to undress. But, in the dim light of the candles, she thought that the armor wasn’t as... loose as it was before. She approached the mirror, looking at her reflection and-

Femi jumped back.

There was no mistaking it, she SAW one of the belts move, *on its own*, before she felt more of them tightening around her. At once, she began scrambling at the armor trying to get free from it. It was of little use.

It was as if the armor could feel her struggling while it began tightening around her more and more. Restricting her movements with such efficiency that in only a matter of moments, she had her arms completely bound behind her back. Femi opened her mouth to scream for help, Zuri was right there, not five meters away from her.

Yet only a feeble yelp escaped her lips as something cool and wet entered her mouth rendering her mute. Thankfully it was enough. Zuri jumped up and brandished his spear.

“Is everything alright my queen?!” He yelled into the tent, not daring to enter without her approval. Hope rose within her as she saw him jump, from within the darkness of the tent. That hope, though, did not last longer than a few heartbeats.

“Quite alright darling!” Femi’s voice answered and he breathed a sigh of relief. He returned to the fire and leaned again against the spear. Foul horror struck Femi as she heard her own voice respond. Worse yet, she could feel the bands of her bondage move her mouth, it even affected her vocal cords, making words she did not wish to say. It disgusted her, made her afraid of her own self.

She even felt the bands coil around her tongue, her cheeks and her jaw whilst they made her speak what they wanted her to. They violated her mouth, slithering across her tongue and her throat, making her gag and shudder in impotent struggle.

Pure awe and terror gripped Femi as the armor then made her turn towards the mirror.

In the pale light of the moon and the feeble flickering of the candles, Femi didn't really know what happened. But one thing she was sure of. The armor held something of pure evil within it.

*Theeeeere you are. I knew I smelt the blood of the Old Gods upon you.*

A purring, female voice whispered inside of her mind as she looked on into the mirror in horror. The once clunky armor had morphed and molded into a rubbery material that slithered inside of her mouth, entrapping her completely in a matter of moments. Before shining dimly and forming... a prison of rubber.

*Do you like it? This armor is very special my pretty little plaything. It creates a perfect prison, a shell for you to live in as you lose your mind and I take over.*

Femi tried to scream yet nothing but eldritch silence answered. That same disgust that boiled within her when she spoke with someone else's words, came flooding again as she knew that the voice that she heard sounded terribly like her own. More and more, after every word, as if adapting to her own thoughts and vocals.

In the mirror she saw... she saw herself. Yet it was not her. The armor had oozed into a perfect layer that held her bound and unable to move, yet it had also made a mirror image of herself. She looked identical, however her stance, the glint in her eye and the faint, smug, smirk on her lip were completely unknown to Femi.

Her heart beat in pure fear now. She felt like her own identity was being stolen from her, like... like she didn't know who she was anymore. Was this her talking to herself? Or was the armor truly evil?

*I will give you power unlike any you have ever seen or felt. I will help you retake your kingdom, bring your enemies to their knees in worship of you. And all I ask in return... is to allow me to make you into a pliable doll for me to use as I see fit.*

That husky voice whispered again, making her rage in her bonds. No matter how much she tried, in the mirror she saw that she was not moving an inch. Actually, she saw herself playing with her nipple and heard her own voice sighing in pleasure. Pleasure that she felt within the prison as well.

That is when Femi felt what she dreaded the most. Pleasure. She was starting to like it.

*I will be what you never could. Confident, sexy... irresistible.*

The voice cooed and Femi could already feel panic and despair as she could no longer tell what her own thoughts were. She saw herself going through her own clothes and picking up the sluttiest outfit she could find.

Sandals of long lace that she tied into a knot right above her knee, a see through white gown of milky white and satin. Fingerless gloves of the same make that sheathed her arms almost up to

her shoulders. Finally, she added dark make up to her lips and dark violet, the same color of her hair, to her pretty eyes.

Somehow, in that outfit, even her hourglass figure looked more lavish.

*It's not the outfit silly. It's the confidence with which it is worn.*

A voice said, inside of her head again, yet this time, though sultry and alluring, it didn't sound alien to her. Not anymore. It sounded like... like her own voice. Identical. Musical. Playful. Royal.

*What is happening to me?!*

*I am taking your mind darling. Molding it into what I like it to be, obedient with masochism and molten with pleasure.*

As she spoke to... herself, the armor began stimulating her in Femi's most sensitive areas.

*I know all of your weak spots, I know what drives you mad. I will turn all of those silly little thoughts and ideas, kinks and fantasies into whimpers and mewls of pleasure and obedience.*

Suddenly, Femi sensed something gliding gently into her ass and pussy before, the same phallic form forced its way into her mouth. All three of her holes were massaged gently at the same time while the voice continued melting her mind.

*You don't know what you like more, right? The stimulations or my voice? Let me enlighten you pet. You like all of those pleasures equally because all of them begin with simple obedience. And obedience is what you will live for.*

Just as she thought the voice had fallen silent, two more phallic instruments entered her ears and her eyes rolled to the back of head from raw pleasure. The voice was becoming more and more arousing for her, the stimulations, even the new ones in her ear, drove her mad and the pure notion of being submissive and good for her mistress made her hornier than any man ever could.

Actually, what she loved the most, was the fact that in some way she felt as if she had power, the dominance, over her own self. That was probably because she didn't know where her own identity began or ended, still it made her just as horny as the masochism which was imprinted into her own soul.

*Theeeeeereeee you gooooo. My good little pet. My plaything. My... good girl.*

Femi's body shivered in delight as the first orgasm washed away most of her mental defenses. Replacing them with sweet ideas of surrender and blissful, mind broken pleasure.

*You are such a good girl. I think I just might reward you again plaything.*

Barely did the voice finish her smug taunting did Femi, as if on command, orgasm again with that same extreme pleasure as she did the first time. Barely had she even comprehended that the orgasm had washed away more parts of her, when the third ravaged her mind.

*So easy.*

The voice said victoriously.

*I knew you were destined for power darling. I'm glad that you understood quickly that this was the only way you were going to get it. Those of the old blood always learn quickly.*

Still, the skin tight armor, her prison, did not stop stimulating her for a moment. It was still impossible to Femi, that the veil between her and freedom was thinner than air almost yet it still held her imprisoned.

As the voice had fallen quiet, letting her break and mewl in pleasure, Femi noticed herself in the mirror again. Through the pinkish haze of the orgasm after orgasm that ruined her mind in the most delicious and depraved way, Femi saw that her breasts, her thighs, were in fact becoming shapelier, bigger and more buxom.

*The armor... it really is me...*

A feeble thought crossed her mind. So weak and miserable that it was devoured by the dominant voice in an instant.

*Just be quiet my pet. Let us become one, let my voice swallow all of those silly little thoughts. I do find them rather tasty and I do like you a lot more when you are so obedient and submissive.*

And Femi fell quiet as she was ordered. The simple act of obedience made her orgasm once more, even harder and more brain shattering than before. Or did the voice simply orchestrate that orgasm to be the most powerful?

Femi didn't know, nor did she care. Actually, the more she came the less she cared for her friends and for her kingdom. The only thing she wanted was to feel good for her owner and be a mewling mess that did as she was told.

The phallic instruments inside of her holes continued stimulating her, making her drool inside of her thinly veiled prison. There was no resisting anymore, just pleasure and masochism. They seemed to whirl inside of her ears like undertows, drilling pleasure into her brain. The one in her mouth spilt gooey liquids inside, making her drink a sort of aphrodisiac which made each spasm of pleasure even more excruciatingly blissful. While the ones in her pussy and ass teased and edged her senses into a domesticated stupor.

*Good girl.*

The voice, *her voice*, complimented her and she came again and again and again, from that one simple compliment. Not long after, there was no difference between the submissive voice of Femi and the dominant voice of her owner.

They were one.

What little resistance there was of the original Femi, the voice planned on snuffing out by dawn. In the most sadistic and pleasurable way she could find.



# Chapter 3

Femi looked at herself in the mirror. She was a bombshell through and through. Even Nadia would envy her now. Both her looks and her posture. There was nothing that she thought impossible to her now. Her kingdom, the Kingdom of Spices, was hers for the taking.

Her own confidence she found as arousing as the stimulations she had endured.

Still holding her own sultry gaze, she called out. Again, the bands and the rubber controlled her vocal cords and her mouth, but this time Femi liked it. Wanted to feel more of that control. She wanted to obey and be obeyed. To tease and control, and be ravaged by the armor further into oblivion.

“Oh Zuri!” Not a second later, Zuri was standing dumbstruck inside of the tent.

“M-my queen... um...” He blabbered in awe of her newfound beauty. She looked so delicious to him, so perfect that the guard didn’t know how to act in front of such a woman.

“Hi.” Femi cooed.

“Um... you called... um... my queen...” Zuri blurted not really knowing what to say.

“Yes.” She said smugly. “That I did.”

She sauntered over to him, inspecting him with hunger in her eyes. Femi circled him, tracing a sharp, violet, fingernail across his naked skin, sending shivers of delight down Zuri’s spine.

“You do look delicious. I wonder...” His queen pondered as she finally stood in front of him.

“What. To. Do. With. You.”

“If-if... there is anything the queen needs I will-“ Zuri was cut off as she lifted her palm and long strands of leathery, shiny coil wrapped around him.

“Mouth first darling. Don’t want you screaming for help.” *Femi* said smugly, though the Femi that was trapped within tried to string a coherent thought of rebellion. It was quickly snuffed out by the voice as it increased the pleasure and the stimulation of her holes.

Having Zuri completely bound, all but cock and eyes, she threw him upon the bed and straddled him.

“You are my first victim in a long while pet.” She cooed. “I want you to struggle and make this as fun as you can for me. Those eyes of yours... I want to see you plead and beg before they turn blank and empty beneath my delicious power.♪”

With those words and a sinister grin, Femi lowered herself upon his cock and began sucking. He came not a moment later. Actually, he came again and again and again and *again*. She was

sucking him without mercy, yet in such a delicate and soft way that he could not feel his legs nor his waist. The tender sucking, the gentle lips of his assailant, made every fiber of his being tingle and shiver.

Everything, from the smallest breath to a helpless struggle against the bondage, made Zuri feel tender, helpless and, most of all it drove him crazy with pleasure.

But something happened that the trapped Femi did not anticipate. The pleasure of dominating someone... she liked it. Sure, her mistress had tamed her for now... but this time she was showing her the other part of her promise.

*Pure.*

*Dominance.*

The phallic instrument inside of her mount dissipated and she could feel his cock inside of her mouth two fold. Both outside, in the mouth of the armor and inside, where the true Femi lay trapped. She loved his buckling as orgasm after orgasm she swallowed. Loved the power that she knew she had over him.

It made the stimulations of the phallic toys inside of her insufferable. She came over and over, just as he did. These orgasms though were one of raw desire to rule. Her confidence was overwhelming, her power endless. She was becoming all she wanted to be. More. She was becoming not only a true queen, but a master of pleasure and manipulation.

A suckle here a lick there and Zuri danced upon her strings. Moaning, mewling, begging, pleading, melting beneath her touch. She could have drained him whole in a single gulp, she knew, but she wanted him to fall for her even more. Femi wanted to become his whole world before she took that world away.

By now Zuri had no other feelings within him but pleasure. A simple breeze would have been enough to make him cum. And cum he did. Over and over, again and again, one orgasm flowing into another as Femi mercilessly sucked and gulped his life force. He was lost, tamed by the perfect creature riding him.

Femi stopped for a few short moments, as she basked in her power. She lifted her head into the air, mouth open as she tasted his cum with her tongue before giving one, big, swallow. Then... pure, bliss.

Femi could feel her curves become even smoother if that was even possible. Her beauty turning from perfect to barely describable. And her sadistic confidence was dipped into more evil than any of her companions could understand.

Then, she was back on top of him. Straddling his torso, she removed the layers of bondage from his mouth and, before he could yell for help, she kissed him. Though Femi knew that he didn't have enough mental power to call for anything, let alone help. She heard him mewl and buck beneath her as his cock, his whole body, yearned for more pleasure.

Even the feeling of her sitting upon his chest sent him into an overdrive of orgasms and whimpers. He felt so helpless beneath her, pliable, molded. And he loved even that. Zuri loved every single feeling that she made him feel.

*This is how a queen rules. This is how I want it to be. I want everyone, enemies and allies, bucking beneath my dominance and begging for more pleasure.*

Zuri's mind broke when she inserted him into her pussy. His eyes turned pliable and glassy even before his first orgasm drained his vitality. Following that, his mind was swallowed as well, along with his memories, his ego and hopes. Femi, purred between the kisses as she didn't know which part of him tasted better.

Tightly bound in her soft, mummifying leather, he shivered in deplorable delights as she never stopped draining him. There was simply too much to devour for her to stop at any point. Femi broke the kiss and sat straight up. She barely had to move anymore, he was giving up his life willingly now.

He didn't even know what parts of him he wished to offer first. Muscle turned to cum, mind and thought turned to silent begging, ideas, ego, thoughts, all turned to pleasure and all were swallowed by her. Every point of his IQ felt like a small orgasm to her and she took them in dozens.

Femi looked down at him with cool smugness, enjoying his depraved state. Knowing that he was broken as he was because of her touch made her horny and hungry for more of his cum. Which, she of course, swallowed with great delight.

The queen just sat there, basking in the newfound delight, as she slowly humped his life away. She didn't even have to cover his mouth anymore. A shell, no, a doll would not make any noise for his mistress.

"I should have asked you to whom you belonged to, before I broke you." She said musically. Zuri's only response was a gurgle of one orgasm flowing into another as he stared blankly into the ceiling.

*Gooooood giiiiirl.*

The voice said, yet, this time, it wasn't coming from inside of Femi's head. Femi turned and saw a floating, glowing figure standing right next to the bed. Femi marveled at her beauty, however even amidst that marvel she noticed that the figure looked a lot like her. The new her, the one that the armor took shape of. Not the masochistic slut that was trapped within.

"Do you like this new power that I have given you pet?" She cooed in that melodic, confident voice.

"Yesssss." Femi mewled as she swallowed another gulp of delicious cum.

"Then I think it is time for the two of us become one." The figure said smugly and shone in a blinding light.

The next few moments became a blur of oblivion, bliss and pleasure. The masochistic Femi, the new dominant Femi and the new voice of an Old Goddess, morphed into one as her features became even purer and more devilish in beauty. All the while she rode Zuri harder and harder, his mouth hanging open as drool dripped from his chin.

*Let us finally become one my pet.*

*Let us be one!*

*Take me!*

All three voices screamed in one feral, sadistic, molten voice. Then... they were one.

The voice of the goddess swallowed what little was left of Femi, only letting that sadistic side of her remain, the one that she molded into being. The old goddess smiled to herself as she finally settled into her new body. Fully.

Meanwhile the last spurts of Zuri came into her pussy, before being swallowed just like the rest. Then, he lay still and silent. A husk. A broken toy. Discarded. Used. Drained.

“I am still not powerful enough my drained, little pet. So I will need these bands back.” The Goddess purred as she hovered her arm above Zuri. The whole of his tight, leathery, bondage slithered away from him and returned into her palm, leaving behind a body more akin to dust than to flesh.

With cool, royal confidence she got off of him and sauntered over to the mirror. Not even giving Zuri a disinterested look.

She posed, hands on hips, as she looked herself over. The Goddess loved what she saw, as her new appearance was a perfect combination of Femi and her old, goddess like looks. The best of both worlds. She purred as she ran her hands over and beneath her clothes, enjoying the smooth curves of her vessel.

“I love the way you look darling. I love the way *I* look, to be more specific.” She chimed with dominant glee. “But I do think this outfit needs some changing.”

With a hungry look in her eye, she snapped her fingers as dark, glittery stars and smoke enveloped her for a few brief moments. When the magic subsided a new form of perfection and lust stood in front of the mirror. Shaming even the glorious beauty that Femi’s sadistic side had.

The Goddess wore a shiny, skintight, nylon catsuit that covered her luxuriously from neck to toe. Upon her feet she wore crimson heels, the same color as her hair, styled in a bob, just like Femi had done before. Upon both of her thighs she had crimson rings circling them tightly, while upon her chest she wore a busty bra that made her jiggly breasts somehow look even bigger and juicier.

To complete her look, upon her fingers she wore fingerless gloves of the same crimson and around her neck she had a necklace with a crimson, blood red ruby.

She loved the way she looked and she loved the way her shiny catsuit glimmered against the faint light of the candles. It made her assets both hypnotically shiny and buxomly desirable. She knew there was no one out there that could match her. In beauty, manipulation... pleasure. The Goddess will have all that she wished for and even those things that she didn't care for. She was a goddess, why not take what she didn't need only to show her power?

Completely satisfied, The Goddess stepped out of the tent leaving the husk of Zuri to be forgotten by time. Seeing that Nadia had moved to her own tent, she made her way over there for more fun. From her draining of the warrior and the queen, The Goddess knew that she if she were to add Nadia's intellect to her own, there would be little that could stop her.

Somewhere, deep within the prison of the armor that swallowed her, Femi whimpered as her holes were stimulated over and over. Sometimes edging her, sometimes simply melting her in molten, orgasmic pleasure. With her mind completely gone, she was finally at the mercy of her mistress.